By HONRE DE BALZAC

CHAPTER VIII.-(Continued.) gray-painted rafters.

Our tongues don't go very fast," she said, showing her large teeth, white as town, and his generosity should not cost blanched diamonds.

"There is no call for them to go." answered Grandet, roused from his calcu-He beheld a vision of the future-he

saw eight millions in three years' time -he had set forth on a long voyage upon a golden sea. Let us go to bed. I will go up and

wish my nephew a good night from you all, and see if he wants anything."

Mme. Grandet stayed on the landing outside her room door to hear what her worthy husband might say to Charles. Eugenie, bolder than her mother, went a step or two up the second flight.

Well, pephew, you are feeling unhappy? Yes, cry, it is only natural, a father is a father. But we must bear our troubles patiently. Whilst you have from?" been crying I have been thinking for you; am a kind uncle, you see. Come, don't lose heart. But you are all in the dark, Grandet went on. "That's bad-that's One ought to see what one is doing. What, a wax candle! Where have they fished that from? I believe the wenches would pull up the floor of my house to cook eggs for that boy."

Mother and daughter, hearing these words, fled to their rooms and crept into their beds like frightened mice.

"Mme. Grandet, you have a lot of money somewhere, it seems," said the vine grower, walking into his wife's "I am saying my prayers, dear," Tal-

tered the poor mother. "Very well. Good night. To-morrow morning I shall have something to say to

CHAPTER IX.

Mme. Grandet betook herself to sleep fike a schoolboy who has not learned his lessons and sees before him the angry face of the master when he wakes. Sheer terror led her to wrap the sheets about her head, but just at that moment she felt a kiss on her forehead. It was Eugenie, who had slipped into the room in the darkness and stood there barefooted in her nightdress.

'Oh, mother-my kind mother!" she said. "I shall tell him to-morrow morn ing that it was all my doing."

"No, don't. If you do, he will send you away to Noyers. Let me manage it He will not eat me, after all." "Oh, mamma, do you hear? He is

-crying still." "Go back to bed, dear. The floor is damp; it will strike cold to your feet

brought for the poor wealthy helress a that women like so well, and Eugenie lifelong burden of sorrow. Never again only loved him the more because his feawould Eugenie Grandet sleep as soundly or as lightly as heretofore.

heard the moans that all day long had tress, and sorrow is a great leveler. vibrated through her heart. Sometimes head fallen forward on the bed; he that she might share. had been dreaming as famished people dim feeling that his cousin was present interest. awakened Charles; he opened his eyes and saw her distress. "Pardon me, cousin," he said, dream-

ally. Evidently he had lost all reckon- determined to pay a visit to their client dog of time, and did not know where he

might perhaps want something. should go to bed; you will tire yourself such a time. out if you sleep like that."

"Yes," he sald, "that is true." confusion, half glad that she had come. room to help her to dress, as she always remarkably good appetites. Grandet was did. Then the two women went downstairs and waited for Grandet's coming in the anxiety which freezes or burns. The cooper came downstairs, spoke in an absent-minded way to his wife, kissed Eugenie, and sat down to table. seemed to have forgotten last night's

"What has become of my pephew? The child is not much in the way.

"He is asleep, sir," said Nanon, "So much the better; he won't want a wax candle for that," said Grandet, facetiously.

His extraordinary mildness and satirical humor puzzled Mme. Grandet; she looked earnestly at her busband. He took up his hat and gloves with the re-

mark: "I am going to have a look round in the market place; I want to meet the Cruchots.

Grandet always slept but little, and by which his views, observations and

During the night this excellent man's were as saying that b-b-bankruptcyideas had taken an entirely new turn; hence his unusual mildness. been weaving a web to entangle them in so long ago that every one believed i Paris; he would envelop them in his toils, to be natural to him, grew so unbearably they should be as clay in his hands; they tedious for the Cruchot pair, that as should hope and tremble, come and go, they strove to catch the syllables they toil and sweat, and all for his amuse made unconscious grimaces, moving their ment, all for the old cooper in the dirgy lips as if they would fain finish staircase in the old house at Saumur; it both himself and them at his pleasure.

tickled his sense of humor.

~==0==~ to invest his money for three years, his Eugenie said nothing, and raised her mind was quite at leisure from his own syes to heaven. Her generous instincts, affairs; he really needed some outlet for so long repressed and dormant, had been his malicious energy, and here was an awakened, and every kindly opportunity supplied by his brother's thought had been harshly checked as it failure. The claws were idle, he had had arisen. Outwardly this evening nothing to squeeze between them, so he passed just as thousands of others had would pound the Parisians for Charles' passed in their monotonous lives, but for benefit, and exhibit himself in the light the two women it was the most painful of an excellent brother at a very cheap that they had ever spent. Eugenie sew rate. As a matter of fact, the honor of ed without raising her head; she took the family name counted for very little ponotice of the work box which Charles with him in this matter; he looked at it had looked at so scornfulyl yesterday from the purely impersonal point of view

evening. Mme. Grandet knitted away at of the gambler, who likes to see a game Grandet sat twirling his well played although it is no affair of thumbs, absorbed in schemes which his. The Cruchots were necessary to should one day bring about results that him, but he did not mean to go in search would startle Saumur. Nanon was spin- of them; they should come to him. That ning; the whirr of her wheel was the very evening the comedy should begin, only sound in the great room beneath the the main outlines were decided upon already, to-morrow he would be held up as an object of admiration all over the

> him a farthing! He returned in time for the midday meal, which he took standing. Then the keeper, who had not yet received his promised reward, appeared from Froid fond, bringing with him a hare, some partridges shot in the park, a few eels, and a couple of pike sent by him from

the miller's. "Aha! so here is old Cornoller; you me just when you are wanted, like salt fish in Lent. Come, Nanon, look alive! Just take this, it will do for dinner to day; the two Cruchots are coming."

Nanon opened her eyes with amaze ment, and stared first at one and then at another. "Oh! indeed," she said: "and where

are the herbs and the bacon to come "Wife," said Grandet, "let Nanon have

six francs." "Well, then, M. Grandet," the gamekeeper began (he wished to see the question of his salary properly settled, and was duly primed with a speech) "M. Grandet-

"Tut, tut, tut," said Grandet, "I know what you are going to say; you are a good fellow, we will see about that tomorrow, I am very busy to-day. Give him five francs, wife," he added, and with that he beat a retreat. The poor woman was only too happy to purchase peace at the price of eleven francs. She knew by experience that Grandet usually kept quiet for a fortnight after he had made her disburse coin by coin the

money which he had given her. "There, Cornoiller," she said, as she slipped ten francs into his hand; "we will repay you for your services one of these days."

"Madame," said Nanon, who by this time had a basket on her arm, "three francs will be quite enough; keep the rest. I shall manage just as well with

"Let us have a good dinner, Nanon, my cousin is coming downstairs." said

"There is something very extraordinary going on, I am sure," said Mme. Grandet. "This makes the third time since we were married that your father has asked any one here to dinner.' It was nearly 4 o'clock in the after

noon; Eugenie and her mother had laid fe cloth and set the table for six persons. Charles came into the dining room looking white and sad; there was a pathetic charm about his gestures, his face, his looks, the tones of his voice; his sor So ended the solemn day, which had row had given him the interesting look tures were worn with pain. Perhaps. too, his trouble had brought them near-The trouble and excitement of the day er in other ways. Charles was no longdisturbed her rest; she woke again and er the rich and handsome young man again to listen for any sound from her who lived in a sphere far beyond her cousin's room, thinking that she still ken; he was in deep and terrible dis-

Charles and Eugenie understood each she seemed to see him lying up there, dy-ing of grief; sometimes she dreamed that either without a word being spoken on either wide. The poor dandy of yesterhe was being starved to death. Toward day, fallen from his high estate, to-day morning she distinctly heard a terrible was an orphan, who sat in a corner of cry. She dressed herself at once, and in the room, quiet, composed and proud, but the dim light of the dawn fled noiselessly from time to time he met his cousin's up the stairs to her cousin's room. The eyes, her kind and affectionate giance door stood open, the wax candle had rested on him, and compelled him to hurned itself down to the socket. Nature | shake off his dark and somber broodings, had asserted herself; Charles, still dress- and to look forward with her to a future ed, was sleeping in the armchair, with full of hope, in which she loved to think

The news of Grandet's dinner party dream. Eugenie admired the fair young caused even greater excitement in Sauface. It was flushed and tear-stained; mur than the sale of his vintage, althe eyelids were swollen with weeping; though this latter proceeding had been he seemed to be still crying in his sleep, a crime of the blackest dye, an act of and Eugenie's own tears fell fast. Some high treason against the vine growers'

It was not long before the des Grassins heard of Guillaume Grandet's violent end and impending bankruptey. They that evening, to condole with him in his affliction, and to show a friendly inter-"There are hearts here that feel for est; while they endeavored to discover you, cousin, and we thought that you the motives which could have led Gran-You det to invite the Cruchots to dinner at

Precisely at 5 o'clock President C. de Bonfons and his uncle the notary arriv-"Good-by," she said, and fled, half in ed, dressed up to the nines this time. The guests seated themselves at table An hour later she went to her mother's and began by attacking their dinner with solemn, Charles was silent, Eugenie was dumb, and Mme. Grandet said no more than usual; if it had been a funeral repast, it could not well have been less lively. When they rose from the table, Charles addressed his aunt and uncle: "Will you permit me to withdraw? I

have some long and difficult letters to write. "By all means, nephew." When Charles had left the room, and is amiable relative could fairly assume that he was out of earshot, Grandet gave

is wife a sinister glance. "Mme. Grandet, what we are going to say will be Greek to you; it is half past 7 o'clock, (you ought to be off to bed by Good night, my daughter. He kissed Eugenie, and mother and and partners secured with which to daughter left the room.

CHAPTER X.

Now, if ever in his life, Grandet diswas wont to spend half the night in re- played all the shrewdness which he had volving and maturing schemes, a process acquired in the course of his long experience of men and business, and all plans gained amazingly in clearness and cunning which had gained him the nickprecision; indeed, this was the secret of name of "old fox" among those who had that constant success which was the ad- feit his teeth a little too sharply.

"M-m-monsieur le P-p-president, you Here the trick of stammering which He had it had pleased the vine grower to assume room at the head of the worm-eaten words in which the cooper entangled

The present business required more He had been thinking about his deafness, more stammering, more of the He wanted to save his dead many circumfocutions in which Grandet brother's name from dishonor in a way was went to involve himself, than any that should not cost a penny either to previous transaction in his life; for, in to himself. He was about the first place, he wished to throw the tion of foreign goods.

responsibility of his ideas on some one else some one else was to suggest his own schemes to him, while he was to keep himself to himself, and leave every one in the dark as to his real intentions.

"Mon-sleur de B-B-Bonfons, you were 8 8-8-saying that in certain cases, p-p-pproceedings in b-b-bankruptcy might be

s-s-s-stopped b-b-b-by-"At the instance of a Tribunal of Commerce. That is done every day of the year," said M. C. de Bonfous, guessing, as he thought, at old Grandet's idea, and running away with it. "Listen!" he said, and in the most amiable way he prepared to explain himself.

"I am listening," replied the older man meetily, and his face assumed a demure expression. He looked like some small who is laughing in his sleeve at his schoolmaster while appearing to pay the most respectful attention.
"When anybody who is in a large way

of business and is much looked up to, like your late brother in Paris, for instance, is likely to find himself insol-

"Ins-s-solvent, do they call it?" "Yes. When his failure is imminent, the Tribunal of Commerce, to which he is amenable has power by a judgment to appoint liquidators to wind up the business. Liquidation is not bankruptey, do you understand? It is a disgraceful thing te be a bankrupt, but a liquidation reflects no discredit on a man.'

"It is quite a d-d-different thing, if only it d-d-does not cost any more," said "Yes. But a liquidation can be privately arranged without having recourse

to the Tribunal of Commerce," said the "How is a man declared president. bankrupt?" "Yes-how?" inquired Grandet. have n-n-never thought about it."

"In the first place, he may himself file a petition and leave his schedule with the clerk of the court; the debtor himself draws it up or authorizes some one else to do so, and it is duly registered. Or, in the second place, his creditors may make him a bankrupt. But supposing the debtor does not file a petition, and none of his creditors make application to the court for a judgment declaring him bankrupt-now let us see what happens then!

"Yes-let us s-s-see." "In that case, the family of the deceased, or his representatives, or his residuary legatee, or the man himself, if he is not dead, or his friends for him, liquidate his affairs. Now, possibly, you may intend to do this in your brother's case?" inquired the president.

"Oh. Grandet!" exclaimed the notary That would be acting very handsomely! We in the provinces have our notions of honor. If you saved your name from dishonor-for it is your name-you would

"Sublime!" cried the president, interrupting his uncle. (To be continued.)

QUEER TOWN NAMES.

"Bird in Hand," "Hat Off," "You Bet" Among Others. Washington Star has culled from the Postal Guide a list of some of the curiously named postoffices. Here are a few:

Tub, Pa.; Robberts' Roost, I. T.; Bird In Hand, Pa.; Lamedeer, Mont.; Popcorn, Ind.; Why Not, Ky.; Hat Off, Ga.; Sopchoppy, Fla.; Jugtown, N. C.; Seven-stars, Pa.; Fearnot, Pa.; Judytown, W. Va.; Pig. Ky.; Goodnight, Ky.; Red Knob, W. Va.; Red Lick, Miss.; Gump, Pa.; Zim, Minn; Zif, Ill.; Zero, Ky.; Yellowdirt, Ga., Yellowjacket, Idaho; Rideout, Fla.; Gumlog, Ga.; Blue Eye, Mo.; Goodwill, S. D.; Gooseberry, Ore.; Goochland, Va.; Gee. Kv.: Red Key. Ind.; Grip. Pa.; Walkechalk, Pa.: You Bet, Cal.: Good Thunder, Minn.; Maidstone, Vt.; Congruity. Pa.; Bad Axe, Mich.; Two Johns, Md.; Rabbit Hash, Ky.; Bat Cave, N. C.; Goodwine, Ill.; Happy Creek, Va.; Nut. Fla.; Bigbug, Ariz.; Big Moses, W. Va.; Nix, S. C.; Dice. Mich.; Love, Va.; Abiquin, N. M.; Chinese Camp, Cal.; Bonnet, S. C.; Poverty Hill, S. C.; Red Bird, Ky.; Job, Mo.; Loveless, Ala.; Ajax, La.; Hat, Va.; Red Apple, Ala.; Two Licks, Pa.; Twitty, N. C.; Yellowhouse, Pa.; Yellow Rabbit, Miss.; Crane Eater, Ga.; Tonight, Ga.; Blue Jacket, I. T.; Charlie Hope, Va.

These are found in Tennessee Peeled Chestnut, Sewanee, Hatmaker, Chuckaluck, Young Blood, Yell, Bonecave, Chimneytop, Goodbye, Hinghealth, Bulls Gap, Dickey, Mug, A. B. C., Barefoot, Wild Goose. And these in Texas: Coats, Baby Head, Cat Spring, Lovelady, Beaukiss, Bigfoot, Mud and Cash.

Others are: Sunday, Monroe County, Ala.; Jam, Mich.; Sideburn, Va.; Birds Nest, Va.; Mule, Ore.; Marked Tree, Ark.; Jackajones, Ark.; Jamboree, Ky.; Coltsneck, N. J.; Zinc, Ark.; Zig, Mo.; Hardpan, Pa.; Sugar Bush, Wis,

FIRST PAPER EVER MADE

Early New England Journal Cuts Its Circulation to Conform to Supply. Zenos Crane was the first papermaker in the United States, and it is recorded in the archives of Massachusetts that he spent his first night in Berkshire at a little wayside inn, within a stone's throw of where the handsome residences and thriving mills of his descendants now stand and almost on the identical spot where his grandson, formerly Governor of Massachusetts, superintends the vast machinery of the famous mill where all the paper for the United States money is manufactured. But the ploneer, weary from the long journey on horseback and without any capital save brains and an independent spirit, could searcely have prophesied the proportions to which the seed he was about to plant would grow. In fact, it was not until two

years later that the money was raised start a little one-vat mill. At the time the establishment of a manufactory in any part of America was considered a bold and dangerous experiment and hailed by press and people as a patriotic act. Skilled workmen were rare and it was more difficuit to reach a market a few miles distant than it now is to encircle the globe. There were only a few paper mills and these were obliged to shut down frequently for lack of operators or of raw material. There was no systematic method of collecting rags and much of the product of the mills was carted about the country and exchanged for rags and a little money. While the colonies were under English rule it was the policy to repress colo-

nial manufactures. The few that grew

up were forced to their full capacity

during the resolutionary war and

threatened with extinction when the

peace of 1783 permitted the importa-

The Fussing Place. I have to go to the Fussing Place When I'm very bad, And mother has such a sorry face, And her eyes look sad. But she says, in just the firmest tone. "The boy that fusses must stay alone," When I have been bad.

At first I pretend I do not care, And I hum a tune. An dwalk off quick with my head in the

But pretty soon I begin to hate the Fussing Place. And to be there seems a great disgrace, So I stop my tune.

And then I think of mother's eyes With that sorry look, And soon I think it is time to surprise Her over her book. So I hunt up a smile, and put it on (For I can't come out till the growns are

gone).

How happy she'll look! The Fusing Place? Oh, it's where you're

sent When you're naughty and mean, And there you must stay till you're good again, And fit to be seen.

It's up in the attic, or under the stairs, Or seated on one of the kitchen chairs, And, oh, you feel mean!

But it doesn't matter much where it is-This old Fussing Place; For the very spot that seems so bad When you're in disgrace, Is nice enough when you're loving and

true. So it's not where you are, but how you

That makes it a "Fussing Place." -Youth's Companion.



with ropes' to a chair ! The Unhappiest Boy in the World. The unhapplest boy in the world must surely be the 15-year-old Archduke Karl, heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary. He was born to be the heir of the most ancient reigning family in Europe, to vast revenus and imprial possessions, but he was also born to splendid misery. He is deprived of

all the joys which make life pleasant and enjoyable to the ordinary boy. The crown jewels of Austria, which will be his some day, are valued at fifteen million dollars. He will inherit twenty castles. The great palace in Vienna is as large as a town. In the meantime he receives an allowance of forty thousand dollars a year, but of course he is not allowed to spend a cent of this. The bulk of it is kept in the bank for him, while what is necessary for his daily expenses is expended by his tutors.

There are eighteen of these tutors, and with them the poor lad has to work from morning to night, learning all the things a great sovereign has to know. This is his usual day's routine: Get up at 5 every morning; bathe, exercise, study until 8; then breakfast. Study again from 9 until 12 o'clock. He has a simple lunch at noon, and from 1 to 3 is given up to his military training, which includes riding, fencing, sword drill, trench digging, etc. He goes to his books again at 4:30, and at 6 o'clock stops for his dinne, which is a long, tiresome, ceremonious meal. After that he is allowed to spend one hour of recreation with his mother and his youngest brother. His father is a reckless, drunken, disreputable person who is divorced from his mother. After one hour of family sociability out of the whole day Archduke Karl is promptly put to bed. This young boy must be perfectly familiar with thirteen different languages that are spoken in the Austrian empire. Besides that he must study modern languages, classics, mathematics, geography, literature and history on a very elaborate scale in order to give him the peculiar knowledge needed for his duties on the Twice a week he is taken to a lec-

ture at the Schotten High School in order that he may know something of the course of studies in a public school He is not permitted to mingle in the slightest degree with the other boys He sits alone on a front bench sur rounded at a respectable distance by his chief tutors, and by a large number of private detectives, for the life of every member of the imperial family is in danger. And after all, politicians say, Austria-Hungary, made up of so many different races, tongues and re ligions, will go to pieces before this hard-worked by grows up. Poor Poor Archduke Karl!-Woman's World.

Was the Promise Not Fulfilled? nall miss who had but recently papa and mamma, yet my days are er-in-law for the next two weeks."

not a bit longer in the land, for I'm put to bed every night at 7 o'clock just the HUMOR OF THE WEEK

same. Why Willie Felt Badly.
"What's the matter, Willie?" asked STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN his grandma. "Did you eat too much dinner T'

"N-no," sobbed the little fellow. "I'm just f-feelin' bad 'cause I d-didn't eat enough to m-make me f-feel bad."

Johnny on Hard Words. Tommy-I wonder why some words are so awfully hard to spell?

Johnny-Oh, I guess school teachers made 'em that way so they would have to be hired to teach us chlidren how to

Another Surprise for Mamma. Little Flossie-Mamma, were you a home when I was born?

Mamma-No, dear; I was at grandma's, in the country. Little Flossie-Wasn't you awf'ly s'prised when you heard about it?

ABOUT THE WEATHER.

Farmer Calls at the Bureau and Interviews the Office Boy. A man from South Jersey blew into the weather bureau the other day. He

had fire in his eyes. "Where's the guy wot runs this office?" be said.

"He's out," asid the office boy, "How long has he been out?" "Three or four days."

"Well, where's the geezer whose bin ellin' me every day that it wuz goin' to be cooler, with showers?" "Me."

"You!"

"Yep." "Well, sonny, how did you do it?" "This 'er way. We can't give out any predictions till we hear from Washington, anyway-see?"

"Yes, I see." "Washington finds out what kinder weather we're goln' to have, and telegraphs it on-see?"

"Yes." "Then all we have ter do is to say the same thing over again-catch on?" "And yer mean ter tell me that's all we hev ter depend on-just what the folks in Washington say about what weather's goin' to be around here?"

"Well, when the boss is around, we kinder figger it out ourselves-but if it's different from what Washington says and we ain't right-there's a kick."

"But if you are right?" "Nothing doing."

"Then I'm to understand-"

"See yere, ole hayseed, you're to understand that we git our pay from Washington. Kin ye understand that?" "I think so."

"Well, we ain't monkeyin' wid no buzz saw."

"No, you hev to git yer salaries, of ourse-and we farmers hev ter pay em. But I think Mark Twain will have to revise his story about the most useless man in America, and call him the weather bureau chief in Washington."

"Mebbe so, but I guess you've been reading some of this hot air in the papers about how we do things up

"No, but I've been getting more hot air lately than is good for my farm, and I think I'll let the weather predictions go and put in an irrigation plant."-Philadelphia Telegraph.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Put Your Heart in Your Work and You

Will Get Joy from It. If you try to overtake happiness it is likely to give you the dust and keep you in the chase. The better way is to let it overtake you. This it will do if you provide the conditions.

Be just, be true, be kind. The charm of existence comes from relating ourselves beautifully and faithfully and devotedly to our work, to our friends, to our surroundings, to our days and moments. Let there be a warm commingling of interests between yourself and those

who are nearest. How often there is so little in common between a father and his children, or between members of the same family; each one living his life under the same roof, and yet knowing little of the other-brothers and sisters, and yet comparative strangers. Much is lost in this way-at least much would be gained if there were a merging of confidences.

Then reflect that life, like every other blessing, derives its value from its use alone. A life in which nothing happens is not artistic, and cannot be made so. One of the wisest and best known men of this generation says that if a man has abilities and will not use them he is a scoundrel, and ought to be punished.

Put heart into your work, and you will get joy out of it. Let the money consideration be secondary. The first thing is to be true-to labor with a composed, invincible energy, till it becomes a labor of love and gladness.

Live so that to-morrow and all the coming to-morrows will be brightened by the memory of to-day. You may take it for granted that if by kindness and sympathy and the clean, conscientious fulfillment of your task you diffuse sunshine into other hearts, you will not be able to keep it out of your own .- Toronto Star.

A Good Man.

A middle-aged woman has called at the post office two or three times daily for the past week, to see if there was any mail to her address. Her anxiety finally became so great that she explained that she was expecting money from her husband, who was off on his annual vacation. Yesterday morning she was made glad by receiving a postal card from him. She retired to one of the windows and read aloud to

"Dear Wife: I'd send you twenty dollars with this, but you see I'd have to pin it on, and some one might take it off and put a counterfeit in its place, and when I got home you'd be in jail." She read it over again, and there

were tears in her eyes as she mused: "He's the best man on earth. Few husbands would have been as thoughtful as that. I don't know good money from bad, and but for his thoughtfulness I might pass this very night man ered her catechism confessed her in fail. I see now what a narrow esdis ppointment with it thus: "Now, I cape I've had, and I'll take the chil-ober the fifth commandment and bonor dren and go and board with my broththe fifth commandment and bonor dren and go and board with my broth-

OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portraved by Emineut Word Artists of "Mrs. Gossipe an alumnus," ex-claimed Mrs. McFlub in surprise. "Of Our Own Day-A Budget of Fun.

"I met your friend, Goodman, yesterday."

"He's no friend of mine." "What! Why, when I saw him he was buying half a dozen etchings for your parlor."

"That's just it. They came home last night and it took me three hours to hang them the way my wife wanted them."-Philadelphia Ledger. Lost Faith and Other Things.

"Yes," said the man who had been generous with his friends, "I've lost faith in humankind to some extent." "To what extent?"

"Well, to the extent of about \$1,000 in blocks of five and ten at a time."-Philadelphia Ledger.

A Startling Prospect.

that could be my departed husband?" "No," growled a man in room 14, "it's people on the other floors killing mosquitoes with their slippers." Retroactive.

"Why do you sell this brand of shirts only?" asked the transient customer. "Because it is the most fashionable."

replica the swell haberdasher. "Indeed? What makes it the most fashionable?" "The fact that we sell it."-Phila-

Judge What was your object in as-

suming a disguise and passing yourself

Prisoner-Well, you see, judge, my

wife is always asking me why I don't

"try to be somebody," and I was doing

my best to comply with her wishes .--

what institution is she a graduate, I'd

"I'm sure I'm not aware," responded

Miss Sulfuric, "but from her conversa-

tion I should imagine that it's the 'School for Scandal.'"—Philadelphia

The Serious Part.

sion of the servant girl question is a

Mrs. Hume-It is, indeed. You can't

tell what minute the servant girl will

overhear you.-Philadelphia Ledger.

On the Jersey Coast.

walls of the summer hotel.

Mysterious raps were heard on the

"Great goodness!" cried the fright-

ened widow in room 13. "I wonder if

Mrs. McCall-I tell you this discus-

New Orleans Times-Democrat,

like to know?"

very serious thing.

Bulletin.

off as J. P. Morgan at that hotel?

delphia Press. A Wise Lecturer. "Yes, he's got a lecture on the north pole with moving pictures and real

"Indeed," When does he start out?" "Oh, not until the weather gets very not."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Mystery. Garnish-I see you have my noval. I'll bet you had to look at the last page to see how it came out.

Miss Quizzer-No, I looked at the

name of the publishers on the title.

page to see how it came out, and even now I can't understand how it was .-Boston Transcript. Red-Headed Once Are Smart. Customer-You advertise typewrit-

ers half-price. Dealer-Yes. Customer-Well, I want to hire a red-headed one at \$4.50 a week .- Somerville Journal.



A Home Run.

Domestic Bliss. Husband-You are always looking for bargains. Was there ever a time when you wasn't a bargain hunter Wife-Yes, dear; when I married

The Main Trouble. "Does it bother you much," inquired Mrs. Pilkington, "to keep the chickens

out of the garden?" "Yes," replied Mrs. Bilkington, "but what bothers me most is keeping the garden out of the chickens."-Phila-

"Does your husband find any fault

"Certainly not." answered Mr. Meakton's wife. "My husband has the chafing-dish habit and is not in a position to find fault with anybody's cooking."-Washington Star.

An Oversight.

"Yes," answered Meandering Mike, but it neglected to make arrangements so dat we could clip it off from day to day like coupons,"-Washington Star.

"Skimmins is one of the people who "Why, he has millions."

"Yes. But he wears a 50-cent bat and doesn't realize that one costing \$1.50 is worth the difference."-Washington Star.

say yes when the minister asked her if "What did she say?"

it."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

We have now armor-piercing projectiles, deck-piercing projectiles, semiarmor-piercing projectiles, common forged and cast steel projectiles, castiron projectiles, shrapnel, and so on, in endless variety. As the work the gun, whether ashore or afloat, will have to do can be pretty clearly preor at most two, kinds of projectile were enough. These two would natu rally have, the one a high penetrative power, and the other a large capacity for internal charge, giving great de structive power when the shell i burst. No one who has not examincarefully the effect of bursting a she in a closed space can have an idea c its destructiveness, A small si pounder shell, of about two and on quarter inches diameter, containir three or four ounces of powder, bur in an ordinary room and breakly into twenty or thirty fragments, wo probably destroy everything in

room. In a man, that which is cel

delphia Bulletin. Forever Silenced.

with your cooking?"

"De world owes us a livin'," said Plodding Pete.

A Logical Assertion. don't know the value of a dollar."

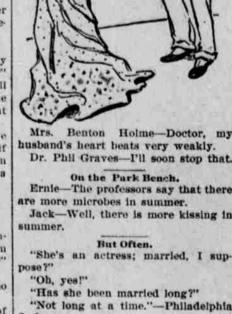
Timely. "Mamie declared that she'd never

she would obey her husband." "Nobody knows, There was a frightful crash of thunder just as she said

Projectiles We Use.

Practical Prue-Indeed! And what dicted, it would appear as though o

> science is largely a fear that be be found out.



Ledger. Qualified. "What makes Jenksey think that he can get into the Russian army?"

"He's a champion long-distance runer."-Detroit Free Press. Taking Him Seriously. "I will lay my fortune at the feet of your daughter," said Count Fucash. "I understand," said Mr. Cumrox, "You mean the fortune you expect to get after you are married."-Washing-

ton Star. A Theory.

"Why is it that so many people attempt literature and so few succeed?" "The trouble is," answered the cynical publisher, "that when a man gets something on his mind that isn't sufficiently entertaining to interest his friends he goes away and writes a book about it."-Washington Star.

Scattering Sunshine. "Have you done anything to make people happier?" "Of course I have," answered Sena-

tor Sorghum. "Every time I write my name on a check some one feels happier."-Washington Star. He Would Not Stoop So Low.



Farmer-Come, beat my carpet an 'll give you a good dinner. Tramp-I'm sorry, but I don't beat my way, thank you.

Woes of the Suburbanite. Somehow he isn't filled with joy, Because the winter's gone; For where he used to shovel snow, He now must mow the lawn. A Training School.

Kerwin-Yes; merely force of habit. Parker-What's the explanation? Kerwin-He's a marble cutter, and his specialty is carving epitaphs on gravestones. Friendly Sarcasm.

Romantic Ruth-I took a long tramp

into the country yesterday afternoon.

Parker-Your friend Stone always

speaks well of everybody.

was the name of your tall friend? Suappy. Borem-I hear she rejected you. I'll bet you felt foolish about that time. Lover-Yes, I guess I felt just as foolish at that time as you look all the

time.-Philadelphia Press. An Insinuation. Maude-I had some new photo graphs taken last week.

Clara-Did you, really?

Maude-Yes. The artist says the likeness is absolutely perfect. Clara-And did you refuse to take them? He Had Better Not Try It Again!

Miss June-You are married, Mrs

March, and you ought to know. Do you believe in love at Erst sight? Mrs. March (looking grimly at Mr. M.)-Well, I think it can happen once.